

THE INFANT MORALIST

by LADY HELENA CARNEGIE  
& VIOLET JACOB



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CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

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## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

How, George ! you're in Disgrace once more,  
What's this ? a tearful Eye,  
The tell-tale Feathers on the Floor,  
Show me the Reason why.

Why did you free Amelia's Bird  
Where Harriet's Tabby pounced ?  
You selfish Boy, upon my Word  
I'll have you soundly trounced.

Your little Cousin's Tears now see :  
Her pretty Songster's dead ;  
A Child so mischievous must be  
Chastis'd, and sent to Bed.

## INSENSATE MISCHIEF

What a Commotion in the Town !  
Now has the Steeple fallen down ?  
    Some strange Event occurr'd ?  
Fresh Tidings of the War in France,  
Or News of dire Import, perchance,  
    The Mayor may have heard.  
See how the People run and point !  
The Butcher, laden with a Joint,  
    Is brandishing his Knife ;  
The Chandler, with a Pot of Lard,  
In tumbling from the Farrier's Yard,  
    Upsets the Baker's Wife.

The Parson hurries up the Street,  
His Shoes half on, half off his Feet,  
    His Surplice flies behind,  
And knocking 'gainst the Apple Stall,  
Of Widow Clarke, the Apples fall,  
    He does not seem to mind !  
Here comes the Guardian of the Laws !  
Pray, tell us, Officer, the Cause  
    Of this tumultuous Scene ?  
Why, I declare, the Reason's found,  
'Tis Master Percy, I'll be bound,  
    At Mischief who has been.  
How say you ? that an Hour too Fast  
He set the Town Hall Clock ; and last,  
    On further Mischief bent,  
Upon the Belfry Tower he climbed  
And all the Bells he loudly chimed  
    Confusion to augment.

But Retribution's fatal Sword  
No long Delay will e'er afford  
And soon did Percy smite.  
His Footing slipp'd, some Time he hung  
To treach'rous Roofs, but vainly clung  
And fell a giddy Height.  
And now upon a Couch of Pain  
He lies with shattered Bones and Brain ;  
But, Pity tho' we feel,  
We all should strive to realise  
That those whose Actions are not Wise  
From Fate have no Appeal.



THE CONSEQUENCES OF GREED



## THE CONSEQUENCES OF GREED

Why, Edward ! why this Cry of Pain ?  
This Jacket all besmirched ?  
Your strict Papa I'll call again  
And have you soundly birched.

This pastry, that indulgent Cook  
Had filled for you with Jam,  
With hasty Greed, and envious Look  
You down your Throat did cram.

Now Gluttons ! pray attend to me :  
I'll send for Doctor Bell,  
A Child with Appetite too free  
He always doses well.

## CHARITABLE LOUISA

Now Goody Brown and Widow Bond  
Live in a Cottage near the Pond,

    And so, Louisa, you  
Must now this little Basket take  
And put in it a Loaf, a Cake,  
    A Pound of Sugar too.

Nay ! do not frown, 'tis surely good  
That we the Aged succour should ?

    Your Shawl and Bonnet don,  
See, with you faithful Ponto comes,  
Perhaps a liking for the Crumbs  
    Has urg'd him to go on.



CHARITABLE LOUISA



So onward trips the little Maid,  
All smiling sweet, and unafraid  
    Of Gipsies, Tramps and Cows.  
Then back she comes, while Goody stands  
And raising up her wither'd Hands  
    Calls down her Prayers and Vows.

## CREDULITY

What Consternation fills the Hall !  
Young Master Frank is miss'd ;  
All Day for him they seek and call  
Nor through the Night desist.

Repeatedly had Frank been warned  
The Gipsies' Camp to shun,  
For Truth and Cleanliness they scorned  
And left good Deeds undone.

Alas for Frank ! the Gipsy Queen  
Had met him by the Stile,  
With Tales of Fortune she'd foreseen  
She did the Youth beguile.

“I’ll crown you King, and you shall ride  
In golden Coach,” said she,  
“ You’ll ne’er repent if you decide  
To follow Gipsy Lee.”

The foolish boy went off to roam  
In search of Wealth and Fame,  
And all forgot were Friends and Home  
To his eternal Shame.

And now with limping Feet he toils  
Behind the Caravans,  
With Tinker’s Tools his Hand he soils  
And sells both Pots and Pans.

His Parent fond their Son with Tears  
Distractedly deplore :  
They sought him o’er the World for Years,  
But saw him nevermore.

## PROFANITY

A Sailor of the name of Park  
Gave Nurse a Parrot gay ;  
I think I heard the Man remark  
It came from Paraguay.

How strange a Sight in distant Lands,  
Where Wonders meet the Eye,  
To see the Works of Nature's Hands  
From ev'ry Tree-top fly.

But Oh ! with Shame and Sorrow both,  
I scarce can lisp the Tale,  
Its brutal Jest and hideous Oath  
My infant Cheek turn'd pale.

Alas ! when all is bright and fair  
That Wickedness should lurk,  
Those sinful Words that filled the Air  
Were Man's ignoble work.

Nurse screamed aloud, the Sailor ran,  
The Bird spoke yet more plain ;  
Oh ! how I hope the shameless Man  
Will not come back again.

How very careful we should be  
'Mong those alone to move  
Who shunning, fly Profanity,  
And who our Hearts approve.

## ENVY

Why, Ellen, such a pouting Face  
Is quite against the Rule :  
I fear you have incurr'd Disgrace,  
Or done amiss at School.

What ! Lucy Elton's rich Pelisse  
Your envious Thoughts inspire ?  
And Fanny Jones disturbs your Peace  
When dress'd in gay Attire ?

You foolish Child, did you but know  
The Way their Wealth was gained  
Your Cheeks with honest Shame would glow  
While youthful Life remained.



ENVY



For Lucy's Father robb'd a Bank,  
And Fanny's Sire a Church :  
Far from such Wealth you Heav'n may thank  
Your Name can None besmirch.

## THE SCHOOL FEAST

Now Lady Emma at the Grange  
A School Feast has at Heart,  
And very kindly does arrange  
That we shall all take Part.

Maria, to avert the Cold,  
Her velvet Spencer wears,  
And little Jane, of five Years old,  
A Sun-shade gravely bears.

Edward, and Charles, and Sister Fan  
In Joy their Accents raise,  
And William Fry, the Garden man,  
Puts Dobbin in the Chaise.

Papa assumes the Reins' control,  
Mama her Shawl, and so  
Crack goes the Whip, the Wheels they roll,  
And now, away we go !

How happy we, with Parents kind  
And Clothes so clean and neat :  
Oh ! may we always bear in Mind  
'Twas Virtue earn'd this Treat.

## COURAGE

Mervyn and Charles and little Ann  
Rose early from their Rest ;  
Who should be First, as out they ran,  
They joyfully contest.

Mervyn was Senior by one Year  
To Charles, whose Summers six  
Exceeded Ann's, it would appear,  
By Two, and Seven Weeks.

Among the Flowers that smell so sweet  
They pluck'd a Posy gay,  
To give Mama a pleasant Treat  
Upon her Natal Day.



COURAGE



But oh ! from off a blooming Rose  
Ann gather'd with Delight,  
A cruel Wasp upon her Nose  
Did suddenly alight.

She loudly scream'd, and Mervyn seiz'd  
The Insect in his Clasp,  
Nor loosed his Hold ere it was squeez'd  
And crush'd within his Grasp.

Though painful Stings his Hand inflam'd  
He did not Cry nor Quail,  
And kind Mama with Pride exclaim'd  
When Charles told her the Tale.

Such Youths grow up as Soldiers brave,  
Or Sailors bold and free ;  
And thus Britannia's Flag shall wave  
Supreme on every Sea.

## HEARTLESS FOLLY

Pray, Richard, do you think it right  
To act as you did Tuesday Night  
And make of Age a Mock ?

The Admiral, whose Legs you tied  
Whilst he was sitting by my side,  
Is indisposed from Shock.

As he fell prone upon the Floor  
I saw you spying through the Door  
With pert and shameless Smile ;  
His Daughters kind, who tend his Couch,  
With one accord do freely vouch  
They marked your Purpose vile.

E'en barbarous Turk or Cariboo,  
Or poor idolatrous Hindoo  
Before such Act would pause ;  
What should you feel if Admiral Bligh  
Were taken from us to the Sky  
And you should be the Cause ?  
  
Oh ! wretched Boy, Elisha's Bears  
May even now be on the Stairs  
Your Punishment to give :  
For those the Aged who offend  
Are like to come to fearful End,  
Or else in Chains to live.

## THE RESULT OF HEEDLESSNESS

Behold that speechless, aged Dame  
Who totters on the Arm  
Of Thomas Brown, his sturdy Frame  
Supporting her from Harm.

Sad is the Tale that I must tell,  
The Cause that struck her Dumb,  
For to the Shock which her befell  
She nearly did succumb.

Her Nephew Paul a little Mouse  
Within the Barn had caught,  
And in his Pocket to the House  
The tiny Creature brought.

How wrong was Paul, for with Dismay  
His Aunt a Rodent viewed,  
How wickedly did he repay  
Her Kindness oft renewed.

The Work Box on the Table stood,  
He quickly rais'd the Lid,  
And 'mongst the Silks it did include  
The Mouse securely hid.

She oped the Box, her Pins to seek,  
Out sprang the nimble Mouse,  
Oh Mercy ! what a dreadful Shriek  
Resounded through the House.

"Twas her last Cry, for ne'er again  
Aunt Fanny's Voice was heard :  
Depriv'd was she, by Shock and Pain,  
Of Pow'r to speak a Word.

Paul's Penitence was no avail,  
The horrid Deed was done,  
Though Good might through his Life prevail,  
With Wrong it was begun.

How dread to think the Innocent  
Must suffer for his Crime :  
Mark how each Fault, though we repent,  
Bears Consequence through Time.



POLITENESS



## POLITENESS

What ! do I apprehend aright,  
My Boy, my Herbert impolite ?

    Oh say ! oh say not so.

I did not see you doff your Hat  
To Lady Charlotte Merton, that  
    Is not genteel you know.

See how polite young Frankie hies  
To ope the Door for General Wyse,  
    And take from him his Cane.

In later times, when Frank's extoll'd,  
Your Manner, deemed uncouth and bold,  
    Will give you bitter Pain.

## INEVITABLE RETRIBUTION

“ It is a Shame,” said Albert Gore,  
“ That I my Top may spin no more,  
    But to my Book must go ;  
Whilst James, although the Clock strikes Three  
Still plies his Marbles busily  
    With Uncle’s Gardener, Joe.”

“ Nay, quit your Sport, your Hand refrain,”  
Cried the Preceptor once again ;  
    But, oh ! to tell I grieve  
That Albert, when he turn’d his Face,  
Made so repellent a Grimace  
    That you would scarce believe.

And ah ! the Wind, at Heav'n's behest  
Changed from the East into the West,

Alas ! for Albert Gore,  
His Countenance, his glaring Eye,  
His Nose outspread, his Mouth awry  
Were set to turn no more.

Oh ! what a Warning this should be  
For every little Child to see,

For all from Albert run.  
The Author of his own Disgrace,  
He weeps to think how wry a Face  
He'll wear till Life is done.

## REVENGE

When Ferdinand was sent to School  
It was his great delight  
To pause and plague the Village Fool  
'Gainst whom he had a Spite.

The poor afflicted Creature dwelt  
Alone, hard by a Wood,  
Forlorn and desolate he felt,  
Oft destitute of Food.

But Ferdinand for him could feel  
No gentle Pity flow,  
Nor from his daily plenteous Meal  
Would e'en one Crumb bestow.



REVENGE



From Vanity came all the Blame :  
How oft we may remark  
What fiercely burning Faults will flame  
From one small sinful Spark.

One Sunday morning it had chanced,  
As to the Church he went,  
That Ferdinand around had glanced  
On Admiration bent.

His Vest was frill'd, his Jacket too  
In Fashion's last Conceit,  
His Nankeen Pants, of yellow hue,  
Scarce reach'd his Slippers neat.

A tassell'd Cane swung in his Hand,  
He strutted proudly by,  
His whole Demeanour a Demand  
For Wonder's envious Eye.

But oh ! what Rage possess'd his Heart  
When laughter caught his Ear,  
What Pangs of Anger, like a Dart,  
Pierc'd him at every Jeer.

What did he see ? with mincing Tread  
The Idiot walked behind,  
And aped his Gestures, wagged his Head  
And smiled with vacant Mind.

A clumsy Bludgeon took the place  
Of Ferdinand's smart Cane,  
And pert young Master's easy Grace  
The poor Fool tried to feign.

Though Weeks had pass'd, and all should  
strive  
Offences to forget,  
Ferdinand's Soul could but derive  
Fresh Cause to fume and fret.

An evil Thought one Morning leapt  
Into his jaundic'd Mind,  
And with a Saw he stealthy crept  
To where the Stream did wind.

And through and through he sawed the Plank  
That bridg'd the Waters' play,  
Then 'neath a Bush upon the Bank  
Concealed and still he lay.

The Idiot came, he took one Stride,  
Fell through, and Heels o'er Head  
He sank, and loud for Help he cried,  
But guilty Ferd'nand fled.

Now had the wicked Boy returned  
And straight confess his Crime  
The guilt of Murder, he had learned,  
Had not been his this Time.

Attracted by the Idiot's Roars,  
At his sad Plight appalled,  
His dripping Body to the Shores  
A Passer-by had hauled.

But Ferdinand ran off to Sea  
And fought great Bonaparte ;  
He perish'd soon, by Fate's Decree,  
And broke his Mother's Heart.



LAWLESS DISRESPECT



## LAWLESS DISRESPECT

Come, James, you well deserve the Cane,  
Your Acts my Ire have gained,  
To frown I am obliged again  
And dear Mama is pained.

That you to such a Deed should stoop,  
And impiously should dare  
At Auntie's Legs to bowl your Hoop  
And hurl her through the Air.

That Lawlessness should stalk abroad  
Offends each righteous Heart,  
And Children, till Respect's restor'd,  
Must very rightly smart.

## ILL-TIMED LEVITY

I scarce can speak, Bartholomew,  
I am so much displeased with you  
    For all that has occur'd :  
Aunt Porter, who had come to stay,  
Has in her Chariot roll'd away  
    Without a parting Word.

Last Night, when all were sent to Dine,  
You took a Fish-hook and some Twine  
    And, leaning o'er the Stair,  
When honour'd Guests went by Below  
Let slyly down the Hook, and so  
    Secured in it her Hair.



ILL-TIMED LEVITY



Alas ! Aunt Porter, long denied  
That Crown which is a Woman's Pride,

And thinking, sure, no Ill,  
At Table duly took her Seat  
With seasoned Majesty replete  
And amiable Good-will.

At last she rais'd her Hand appall'd  
And sudden found that she was Bald,

And for her Speech did strive :—  
The Scene I cannot now pursue,  
It has been given to very Few  
Such Moments to survive.

Ah me ! you cannot understand  
What Pow'r may lie in childish Hand

E'en at such tender Age.  
Our Relative in high Disgust  
Will make Resentment, deep and just,  
Our only Heritage.

## OFFENSIVE MANNERS

How nicely little Cecil sits  
And eats his Cake in careful Bits,  
A Warning, John, to you  
Whose Mouth is filled with Beef and Egg,  
The Remnants of a Turkey's Leg,  
And half a Dumpling too.  
  
It really makes me feel quite hurt  
To see the Way that you insert  
Your Fingers in the Dish ;  
Such Mouthfuls too have ceased to be  
Since Prophet Jonah marv'lously  
Was swallowed by the Fish.



OFFENSIVE MANNERS



Pray from the Joint remove your Fist,  
And do not stubbornly persist  
Good Manners to offend.

Some Day you'll choke upon a Slice,  
Or suffocate from too much Rice  
And that will be your End.

## CONTUMACIOUS CONSTANTINE

Come, Constantine ! this sulky Face  
I can no more excuse :  
Entreat for Pardon, beg for Grace,  
My Patience you abuse.

Your Donkey, Ned, you emulate :  
Because Creation's Plan  
Has formed the dumb Beast obstinate  
It is not so with Man.

Your Tongue was giv'n, with contrite Speech,  
To own when you offend ;  
Your Soul Intelligence to teach  
And Virtue recommend.

Your Conduct you can not defend :  
It surely was not kind  
To throw the Pepper o'er your Friend,  
And risk his going Blind ?

Despite his burning, tearful Eye,  
Despite convulsive Sneeze,  
If ask'd to Pardon he'd comply  
With your Desire to Please.

What ! silent still ? Then go away :  
Until Contrition's shown  
In Solitude upstairs you stay,  
For Meals dry Bread alone.

All stubborn, naughty Children know  
That Jam, and Cake, and Pies  
Are only meant for those who show  
A Nature Mild and Wise.

## DISOBEDIENT EMILY

When Emily her Task had done  
It was her Nurse's Rule  
To stern forbid her Charge to run  
Near Miller Jones's Pool.

But Emily did not incline  
Kind Nursey to obey,  
She saw the Water Lilles shine  
That on the Water lay.

“ La ! ” she exclaimed, “ what Nurse desired  
She idly spoke in Haste,  
Those Plants would fitly be admired  
If on the Table placed.”



DISOBEDIENT EMILY



And so, with bold, presumptuous Mien  
And disobedient Pride,  
She hies her to the Meadows green  
Wherein the Waters glide.

To reach the Flowers she plies each Art,  
And, in the very Deed,  
A Victim to her wilful Heart,  
She sinks beneath the Weed.

Nurse Sukey, from her Window high,  
The dire Misfortune views,  
Her deaf'ning Scream and frenzied Eye  
Proclaim the fatal News.

Dragged by the Miller and his Wife,  
Who haste their Aid to lend,  
Young Emily, restored to Life,  
Makes Promise to amend.

Ah me!" she cries, "tho' crowned with  
Slime  
And choked with Mud and Leaves,  
My Heart may profit, in its Time,  
By what my Fault receives."

## THOMAS AND THE BEGGAR

Come, Thomas come, your Mother called,  
She saw you in the Street,  
And of that Beggar, blind and bald,  
She watch'd you trip the Feet.

His little Dog, with Jaws agape,  
An angry Protest raised :  
But all too late, his Master's Shape  
The Pavement's Edge had grazed.

Swift running came Policeman Joe  
And, threat'ning, spoke of Jail :  
For those who Others overthrow  
May deep in Dungeons wail.

## VIOLENCE

Pause, Robert, pause : remember Cain !  
What's this you say, Adolphus Bain  
    Has struck you with his Fist ?  
Nay, your Resentment lay aside,  
Your Playmate you should gently chide  
    And ask him to desist.

If he has kicked you in the Chest,  
Him you should pleasantly request  
    His Anger to postpone  
Till you have warn'd him how such Deed  
May injure Health, and Sickness breed,  
    And shake Religion's Throne.

The Reverend Master Somerville  
Has brought you up extremely ill  
If you he has not taught  
To know that they who raise the Hand  
May come to bear Cain's awful Brand :  
Now Profit by the Thought.

## THE CHATTERBOX

I needs must beg you, Caroline,  
To cease your Chatter whilst I dine,  
    It deafens every Ear.

John Footman cannot hear my Words,  
And I have asked him twice for Curds,  
    And still he cannot hear.

When Uncle Wilmot, from Malay,  
Comes here, to make his usual Stay,  
    He surely will suppose  
That he is back in savage Lands,  
Where Heathens roam in impious Bands  
    And feast upon their Foes.

We all should learn to curb our Speech,  
Last Week we heard the Rector preach  
    Upon this Rule ; 'tis true  
If he your giddy Talk could hear  
His Sermons would be more severe,  
    And he would preach on You.

## SOLICITUDE

Come Matthew ! set your Book aside,  
And Ann your Shawl put on,  
For in the Carriage we will ride  
To visit Uncle John.

The Way is long, so Bread we'll take,  
And then, with Cups to fill,  
We will alight our Thirst to slake  
By some pellucid Rill.

“ Thanks, dear Papa,” the Youth did say,  
“ But shall we ask Mama  
Her kindly Fears aside to lay  
Before we ride so far ? ”

“ Yes, thoughtful Boy,” his Sire replied,  
“ Your Words I now commend ;  
Solicitude should be our Guide  
With Parent, as with Friend.”

## UNSUITABLE JESTING

It grieves me, Emma, much to see  
How Pert and Rude you are ;  
Sure, everybody must agree  
From Courtesy you're far.

What wicked Rudeness thus to jest  
On Mister Barton's Toes :  
Poor Gentleman, he's Uncle's Guest,  
And Gout gives painful Throes.

How very ill does it beseem  
A Child to play such Part :  
The Prisons of the World do teem  
With those of unkind Heart.



UNSUITABLE JESTING





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